

841. e. 39 a. 3

POEMS

ON

Several Occasions.

By Mr. MALLET.



LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, opposite to *Catharine-Street*
in the *Strand*.

M.DCC.XLIII.

HOME

110

2011-02-19 2011-02-19

11. 6.
504.





TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
The PRINCE of WALES,

This collection of poems,

A N O F F E R I N G,

However small and inconsiderable,

Of the sincerest gratitude,

I S,

With all truth and duty,

I N S C R I B E D,

By

His ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Most faithful servant

D. MALLET.

TO HIR

ROYAL HENNESSY

1876 DO 17 1876

1876 DO 17 1876

ROYAL HENNESSY

1876 DO 17 1876

1876 DO 17 1876

1876

ROYAL HENNESSY

1876 DO 17 1876

1876

ROYAL HENNESSY

ROYAL HENNESSY

DO 17 1876

OF
VERBAL CRITICISM:

A

P O E M.

A NEW EDITION Corrected.

Advertisement to the first edition in 1733.

AS the design of the following poem is to rally the abuse of *Verbal Criticism*, the author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the *Editor of MILTON*, and the *Restorer of SHAKESPEAR*. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample *Specimens* with which that *Scholast* has already obliged the Public: and of *these*, and *these only*, he pretends to give his opinion. But whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the Subscription for a *new edition of SHAKESPEAR* was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. POPE, on that account, particularly, he wishes, it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the Town is almost daily pestered.



OF the following

VERBAL CRITICISM.

AMONG the numerous Tools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The *Reading Coxcomb* is of special note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote:
Grave Son of idle Industry and Pride, 5
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science where so few excel;
Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends thy lays,
For wit supreme is but thy second praise: 10
'Tis thine, O POPE, who chuse the better part,
To tell how false, how vain the *Scholast's Art*,
Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

182 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud, 15
 For trifles eager, positive, and proud;
 Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
 With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
 What every dunce from every dunghill drew
 Of literary offals, old or new, 20
 Forth steps at last the self-applauding *Wight*,
 Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write:
 Sagely resolv'd to fwell each bulky piece
 With venerable toys, from *Rome* and *Greece*;
 How oft, in *HOMER*, *PARIS* curl'd his hair; 25
 If *ARISTOTLE*'s Cap were round or square;
 If in the cave, where *DIDO* first was sped,
 To *Tyre* she turn'd her heels, to *Troy* her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
 That store a *BENTLEY*'s and a *BURMAN*'s brain: 30
 Hence, *PLATO* quoted, or the *Stagyrite*,
 To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white:
 Hence, much hard study without sense or breeding,
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.
 If *SHAKESPEAR* says, the noon-day sun is bright, 35
 His *Scholiast* will remark, it then was light;

Turn

OF VERBAL CRITICISM. 183

Turn CAXTON, WINKIN, each old *Goth* and *Hun*,
To rectify the reading of a *pun*.
Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool! 40

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great SHAKESPEAR's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays, 45
Whom BUFO treats, and Lady WOUD-BE pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
SHAKESPEAR each passion drew in every dress: 50
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross alloy:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes: 56
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad HAMLET quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

184 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

Such was the Poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint tho the coloring, yet the features true. 6a

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleaning on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall, 65
Will feed alike on WOOLSTON and on PAUL.

By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He *pettyfogs* a scrap from authors dead:
See him on SHAKESPEAR pore, intent to steal
Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70
Such that grave *Bird* in northern seas is found,
Whose name a *Dutchman* only knows to sound.
Where-e'er the King of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore:
With eye still earnest, and with bill declin'd, 75
He picks up what his patron drops behind,
With those choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful TIBBALD of a whale.

Blest

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the *Strundt-Jager*. Here you see how he purchases his *Food*: And the same Author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his *Drink*. You may see him, adds the *Dutchman*,

OF VERBAL CRITICISM. 185

Blest Genius! who bestows his oil and pains
On each dull passage, each dull book contains; 80
The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
So Carrion is the quarry of a Crow.
Where his fam'd Author's page is flat and poor,
There, most exact the reading to restore;
By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face, 85
A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.
For this, dread *Dennis* (* and who can forbear,
Dunce or not dunce, relating it, to stare?) 90
His head tho jealous, and his years fourscore,
Even *Dennis* praises, who ne'er prais'd before!
For this, the Scholast claims his share of fame,
And, modest, prints his own with SHAKESPEAR's name:
How justly, POPE, in this short story view; 95
Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A

man, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew called *Kutge-Gebef*,
whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement;
which being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See a
Collection of Voyages to the North.

V. 89. — * *Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum, Dolopum-ve, &c. — Virg.

V. 92. See the dedication of his remarks on the *Dunciad* to
Mr. Lewis Theobald.

186 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd. 100
The sermon o'er, the crowd remain'd behind,
And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind:
All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
At last an honest Sexton join'd the throng; 105
(For as the theme was large, their talk was long)
Neighbours, he cry'd, my conscience bids me tell,
Tho 'twas the Doctor preach'd,—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly most is shown:
Is there a Genius all-unlike his own, 110
With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
And, as in books, in men and manners read;
Himself with poring erudition blind,
Unknowing, as unknown, of human kind:
That Writer he selects, with awkward aim 115
His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
So **FLORIO** is a fop, with half a nose:
So fat West-Indian Planters dress at Beaus.

Thus,

OF VERBAL CRITICISM. 187

Thus, gay PETRONIUS was a *Dutchman's* choice, 119
And HORACE, strange to say, tun'd BENTLEY's voice.

HORACE, whom all the *Graces* taught to please,
Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease; 120
His genius social, as his judgment clear,
When frolic, prudent, smiling when severe;
Secure, each temper, and each taste, to hit, 125
His was the curious happiness of wit.
Skill'd in that noblest Science, *how to live*;
Which learning *may* direct, but heaven *must* give:
Grave with AGRIPPA, with MECENAS gay;
Among the Fair, but just as wise as they: 130
First in the friendships of the Great enroll'd,
The ST. JOHNS, BOYLES, and LYTTELTONS, of old.

While BENTLEY, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride, 135
Rhyme, tho' no genius, tho' no judge, decide.
Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
Out-tibbalding poor TIBBALD, tops his part:
Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead. 140
To

188 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

To MILTON lending sense, to HORACE wit,
He makes them write what never Poet writ:
The *Roman Muse* arraigns his mangling pen;
And *Paradise*, by him, is *lost* agen.
Such was his doom impos'd by heaven's decree, 145
With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
The low to swell, to level the sublime,
To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme.
Great eldest born of Dulness, blind and bold!
Tyrant! more cruel than PROCRUSTES old; 150
Who, to his iron bed, by torture, fits,
Their nobler part, the souls of suffering Wits.

Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
For points transplac'd with curious want of skill, 155
For alter'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
So wise CALIGULA, in days of yore,
His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,

Sware

V. 144. This sagacious Scholast is pleased to create an imaginary Editor of MILTON; who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost *Paradise* a second time. This is a *postulatum* which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling MILTON himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, ideot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM. 189

Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits, with his faults, confess:
Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.
Long lay the *Critic's* work, with trifles stor'd,
Admir'd in *Latin*, but in *Greek* ador'd.
Men, so well read, who confidently wrote, 165
Their readers could have sworn, were men of note:
To pass upon the crowd for great or rare,
Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare.
For these blind votaries good BENTLEY griev'd,
Writ *English* notes—and mankind undeceiv'd: 170
In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
Even thou, BROWN WILLIS, thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
Let COOKE, a Brother-Scholiast SHAKESPEAR call;
TIBBALD, to HESIOD-COOKE returns the ball. 176
So runs the circle still: in this, we see
The *lackies* of the Great, and Learn'd agree.
If *Britain's* nobles mix in high debate,
Whence *Europe*, in suspense, attends her fate; 180

190 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
And, rivaling the critic's lofty stile,
Mere **TOM** and **DICK** are **STANHOPE** and **ARGYLL**.

Yet those, whom pride and dulness join to blind,
To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd, 186
Tho with big titles each his fellow greets,
Are but to wits, as scavengers to streets:
The humble black-guards of a **POPE** or **GAY**,
To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away. 190

Or if not trivial, harmful is their art;
Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.
Where antient Authors hint at things obscene,
The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
Disclosing each dark vice, well-lost to fame, 195
And adding fewel to redundant flame,
He, sober pimp to Lechery, explains
What *Capreae's Isle*, or *V.*'s Alcove* contains:
Why **PAULUS**, for his sordid temper known,
Was lavish to his father's wife alone: 200
Why those fond *female visits* duly paid
To tuneful **INCUBA**; and what her *trade*:

How

OF VERBAL CRITICISM. 191

How modern Love has made so many martyrs,
And which *keeps* oftnest, Lady *Y, or CHARTRES.

But who their various follies can explain? 205
The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought;
To sum the libels PRYN or WITHERS wrote;
To guess, ere *One Epistle* saw the light,
How many dunces met, and club'd their mite; 210
To vouch for truth what WELSTED prints of POPE,
Or from the *brother-Boobies* steal a trope.
That be the part of persevering WASSE,
With pen of lead; or, ARNALL, thine of brass;
A text for HENLEY, or a Glos for HERNE, 215
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little, knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

* C 2

Yet,

V. 209. See a Poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; One contributing a simile, Another a character, and a certain Gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of afterticks.

V. 213. See the preface to his edition of SALLUST; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen Annotators by him collected, besides his own.

192 OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

Yet, Critics, would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame; 220
First, from the head, a load of lumber move,
And from the volume, all yourselves approve:
For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,
Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,
Where moral meaning, or where taste presides, 225
And wit enlivens but what reason guides:
Great without swelling, without meanness plain;
Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain;
On trifles slight, on things of use profound,
In quoting sober, and in judging sound.



VERSES

VERSES

Presented to the

PRINCE of *ORANGE*,

On His Visiting

OXFORD,

In the Year 1734.

ВІДВІДА

от о. Іллії

ЗОВІЛЯ ОБІЧНЯ

Одеса

ДЯОХО

1870



TO THE
PRINCE of *ORANGE*.

RECEIVE, lov'd Prince, the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.

At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,
Display the genius, but not speak the heart:
And oft, as ornament must truth supply,
Are but the splendid coloring of a Ly.
These need not here; for to a soul like thine,
Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.
The truly Good but wish the verse sincere:
They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such **NASSAU** is, the fairest, gentlest mind,
In blooming youth the **TITUS** of mankind.

Couds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,
Forgot the Prince, to praise and love the Man.
Even Parties, where eternal discord sways,
Now think and speak *one* language—in thy praise!

Such

196 TO THE PRINCE

Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease!
Our nobler Youth will learn of thee to please:
Thy bright example shall our world adorn,
And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from mean Design proceeds,
That vice of Courts, the soil for baneful weeds.
Here plainness dwells, and honest truths are taught,
To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.
See those enlighten'd Sages, who preside
O'er learning's empire; see the *Youth* they guide:
Behold, all faces are in transport dreſt;
But those most wonder, who discern thee best.
At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives
A joy, the sight of Princes rarely gives;
From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,
By Fate, the future NEROS of their kind:
But tho thy blood, illustrious Stranger, springs
From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior kings,
Thro all the mighty series, charm'd we trace
The friends of Liberty, and human Race!

Oh born to glad and animate our Isle!
For thee, the heavens look pleas'd, the seasons smile,
For

For thee, late object of our tender fears,
When thy life droop'd, and *Britain* was in tears.
All-chearing *Health*, the goddess rosy fair,
Attended by soft funs, and vernal air,
Sought those* *fan'd Springs*, where, each afflictive hour,
Disease, and Age, and Pain, invoke her power :
She came; and while to thee the current glides,
Pour'd all her self into the living tides.
Hence, thro' thy bosom that prompt life deriv'd !
Hence, with thy health, the drooping world reviv'd.

Proceed to emulate thy race divine ;
A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
Assert the *titles* genuine to thy blood,
By nature, *daring*; and by reason, *good*.
So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
No son of theirs must hope to live unknown :
Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight ;
Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
If to thy fair beginnings strictly true,
Think what the world may claim, and thou must do :
The honours, that already grace thy name,
Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
Even she, bright *ANNA*, whom thy worth has won,
Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun :

* D

Rich

* *Bath.*

198 TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted Fair

Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.

O be your nuptials crown'd with glad encrease

Of sons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;

Of daughters, fair and fruitful, to supply

The patriot race, till Nature's self shall die.



VERSES

VERSES

Occasioned by

Dr. F R A Z E R's

Rebuilding P A R T of the

UNIVERSITY of ABERDEEN.

all day

all day

all day

all day



VERSES

Occasioned by

Dr. FRAZER's Rebuilding Part
of the University of ABERDEEN.

IN times long past, ere *Wealth* was *Learning*'s foe,
And dar'd despise the worth, *he* would not know;
Ere mitred *Pride*, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts, in others, faw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, a * Prelate, good and great,
The *Muses* courted to this safe retreat:
Fix'd each fair *virgin*, decent, in her cell,
With learned *Leisure*, and with *Peace* to dwell.
The fabrick finish'd, to the † sovereign's farne,
His own neglecting, he transfer'd his claim.
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
Long, every cherish'd science flourish'd fair.

Thus,

* Bp. ELPHINSTON.

† Calling it King's College in complement to JAMES IV.

Thus, without cloud, serene the seasons roll'd:
 Thus, *Learning* saw renew'd his age of gold.

But now, dire change, decay'd by length of years,
 A falling waste the *Muses'* seat appears:
 O'er her grey roofs, with *crumbling* moss bespread,
Time, sure destroyer, walks with hostile tread:
 Silent, and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
 He mines each wall, and moulders every pile.
Ruin hangs hovering o'er the destin'd place:
 And solitary *Silence* comes apace.

Learning beheld, with all a father's fear,
 And mourn'd the total desolation near:
 He saw the *Muses* stretch the wing to fly;
 And spoke his hopeless sorrow in a sigh!

From heaven, in that sad hour, commission'd came
 Mild *Charity*, in heaven the foremost name.
Compassion flew before her, sweetly bright:
 And all the landscape smil'd with dewy light.

“ Hear, and rejoice—the gracious *Power* begun—
 “ Full of my deity, thy favourite *Son*,
 “ Thy

“ Thy injur’d rights, regardful, shall assert,
“ And nobly take his suffering parent’s part.
“ For virtue warm, to useful arts a friend,
“ He bids thy walls arise, thy roofs ascend.
“ In vision I behold the future frame,
“ Aspiring, emulate its antient name :
“ I see thy long-lost pomp shine out again,
“ And every *Muse*, returning, claim her reign !
“ Nor ends the bounty here: By him bestow’d,
“ Learning’s rich stores shall thy museum load.
“ Whate’er, deep-hid, *Philosophy* has found ;
“ Or the *Muse* fung, with living laurel crown’d ;
“ Or *History* descry’d, far-looking sage,
“ In the dark doubtfulnes of distant age:
“ These, thy well-chosen treasures, there combin’d,
“ Unwasting shall enrich the searchful mind.

“ But, teach thy *Sons* the gentle arts of peace ;
“ Let faction lose his rule, and discord cease :
“ Rivals in social love, and doing well,
“ Be their sole emulation to excel.
“ So shall encourag’d arts successful thrive,
“ And all the glory of thy name revive.



INSCRIPTION
FOR A
PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;
With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;
Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;
A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day :
His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain ;
He stops: and then, we wind him up again.
Sill hovering round the Fair at fifty-four,
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
Awake to buz, but not alive to sting ;
Brisk where he *cannot*, backward where he *can* ;
The teizing ghost of the departed man.



SONG.



SONG.

To a SCOTCH TUNE,

The Birks of Endermay.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing:
And while they warble from each spray,
Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, AMANDA, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flys;
And, in soft raptures, waste the day,
Among the shades of ENDERMAY.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear:
At this, thy living bloom must fade;
As that will strip the verdant shade.

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er;
 The feather'd songsters love no more:
 And when *they* droop, and *we* decay,
 Adieu the shades of ENDERMAY!

To a Scotch Tune

The Birds of England





SONG.

To a SCOTCH TUNE,

Mary Scot.

I.

WHERE THAMES, along the daisy'd meads,
His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
Wealth on either shore bestowing:
There, in a safe, tho' small retreat,
Content and *Love* have fix'd their seat:
Love that counts his duty, pleasure;
Content that knows, and hugs his treasure.

II.

From art, from jealousy secure;
As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure;
Vain opinion nobly scorning,
Virtue aiding, life adorning.

Fair THAMES, along thy flowery side,
May those whom *Truth* and *Reason* guide,
All their tender hours improving,
Live like us, belov'd and loving!



EPITAPH,



E P I T A P H,

ON

Mr. AIKMAN, and his only Son:
who were both interred in the
same Grave.

DEAR to the wise and good, disprais'd by none,
Here sleep in peace the father and the son.
By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
The painter's genius, but without the pride;
Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
Honor's clear light, and friendship's warmth divine.
The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date;
But Oh, how more severe the parent's fate!
He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd!



E P I T A P H,



EPI T A P H,

ON A

YOUNG LADY.

THIS humble grave tho no proud structures grace,
Yet *Truth* and *Goodness* sanctify the place:
Yet blameless *Virtue*, that adorn'd thy bloom,
Lamented Maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
O scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore,
Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
What never *Wealth* could buy, nor *Power* decree,
Regard and pity, wait sincere on Thee:
Lo! soft *Remembrance* drops a pious tear;
And holy *Friendship* stands a mourner here.



WILLIAM

MAHANIE

AKA

WILLIAM

AND

MARGARET.

Chap 111. MARGARET.

Aug 19-2002 was per 1991 print

Diff. 1991 per 1993 print (front)

III

So diff. this entry looks like abber.

Aug 19-2002 was per 1991 print

Aug 19-2002 was per 1991 print (front)

Aug 19-2002 was per 1991 print (front)



W I L L I A M

A N D

M A R G A R E T.

I.

TWAS at the silent solemn, hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an *April* morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lilly hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has left their crown.

IV.



I D E M P O E M A

Latinè Redditum

Per D. VINCENTIUM BOURNE.

THYRSIS ET CHLOE.

I.

OMNIA nox tenebris, tacitâque involverat umbrâ,
Et fessos homines vinxerat alta quies ;
Cùm valvæ patuere, & passu illapsa silenti,
Thyrsidis ad lectum stabat imago Chloes.

II.

Vultus erat, qualis lacrymosi vultus Aprilis,
Cui dubia hyberno conditur imbre dies ;
Quâque sepulchralēm à pedibus collegit amictum,
Candidior nivibus, frigidiorque manus.

III.

Cùmque dies aberunt molles, & lœta juventus,
Gloria pallebit sic, Cyparissi, tua :
Cùm mors decutiet capiti diademata, regum
Hâc erit in trabeâ conspicendus honos.

* F

IV.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But *Love* had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI.

Awake, *she* cry'd, thy *True Love* calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy *Pity* hear the maid,
Thy *Love* refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yauning graves give up their dead
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

IV.

*Forma fuit (dum forma fuit) nascentis ad instar
 Floris, cui cano gemmula rore tumet;
 Et veneres risere, & subrubuere labella,
 Subrubet ut teneris purpura prima rosis.*

V.

*Sed lenta exedit tabes mollemque ruborem,
 Et faciles risus, & juvenile decus:
 Et rosa paulatim languens, nudata reliquit
 Oscula; præripuit mors properata Chloen.*

VI.

*Excute Te somnis; nocturno egressa sepulchro,
 Evocat infidum Thrysida fida Chloe.
 Tandem o! nunc tandem miserere, audique puellam,
 Qui tuus invidit vivere durus amor.*

VII.

*Hæ tenebræ querulos manes, hæc elicit hora,
 Ut tumulis referent humida claustra suis;
 Spectraque discurrunt, perjuri terror amantis,
 Ut trepidum infestent exagitentque reum.*

VIII.

Bethink thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath:
And give me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break?

XI.

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale?
And why did I, young, wileless maid!
Believe the flattering tale?

XII.

VIII.

*Thyrsi, tuum crimen, solenne recollige fœdus,
Et revoca lœsos in tua vota deos:
Virgineamque fidem, jurataque verba remitte;
Et mea redde mihi vota, resume tua.*

IX.

*Promisso quianam, nimis ab! promissor, amore,
Polliciti poteras immemor esse tui?
Laudatis quianam, nimis ah! laudator, ocellis
Extingui multo passus es imbre faces?*

X.

*In quâ defixus toties hærere solebas,
Qui faciem poteras destituisse meam?
Qui tenerum, & rerum ignarum mibi vincere peccus,
Vinctumque indignis discruciare modis?*

XI.

*Dicere cur poteras, labium tibi suave rubescit,
Et facit, ut cedat purpura pallidior?
Dicere cur poteras? & ego, rudis, inscia virgo,
Cur blandum adjuvi credulitate dolum?*

XII.

218 WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

XII.

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry *worm* my *sister* is ;
This *winding-sheet* I wear :
And cold and weary lasts our *night*,
Till that *last morn* appear.

XIV.

But hark ! — the *cock* has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, *false man*, how low *she* lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
And rais'd her glittering head :
Pale WILLIAM quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

XII.

*Nulla mibi, heu! floret facies, quæ floruit: ecce!
Quæ rubuere, mibi nulla labella rubent.
Mors, obsignatos tenebris, mibi clausit ocellos;
Gratia desertæ nec super una genæ est.*

XIII.

*Germanus mibi vermis edax, depascitur artus
Cognatos; nec adhuc est satiata famæ:
Et gelidæ & longæ restant mibi tædia noctis,
Dum noctem excipiat longa, suprema dies.*

XIV.

*Sed cantu, audistin' ? monuit me gallus abire:
Thyrsi, vale; longum, perfide Thyrsi, vale.
Vise tamen, tumulo quam sit defossa profundo,
Quæ miserum urgebat funus amore tui.*

XV.

*Jam volucres cecinere, & festinavit ab ortu,
Purpureo risu, sol aperire diem;
Pallidus obstupuit Thyrsis, tremulusque cubili
(Ah tremor! ah pallor conscius!) exilit.*

XVI.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where MARGARET's body lay:
 And stretch'd him on the grass-green turf,
 That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on MARGARET's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore:
 Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,
 And word spake never more.

N. B. In a comedy of FLETCHER's, called *The Knight of the burning peſtle*, old MERRY-THOUGHT enters repeating the following verses:

When it was grown to dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In came MARGARET's grimly ghost,
 And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad commonly known, at the time when that author wrote: and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind, an unhappy *adventure* much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written above twenty years ago.

XVI.

*Fatalem ad tumulum cursu contendit anhelus,
Quò jacuit gelidâ morte soluta Chloe ;
Cespiteque in viridi, qui sublùs flebile texit
Corpus, se mæstum projiciebat onus.*

XVII.

*Terque Chloen gemitu gemuit, ter voce vocavit,
Et bibulam lachrymis ter madefecit humum ;
Nudaque telluri nudæ dans oscula, nunquam
Aut vocem lachrymis addidit, aut gemitum.*



* G

P R O



PROLOGUE TO THE Siege of DAMASCUS:

Spoken by my Lord SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath ELIZA's smile,
Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle;
A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
That foe to taste, and tyrant of the age;
Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
And all our talk, in politics, or play:
The Patriot then would soothe his toils with wit,
What SPENCER sung, and nature's SHAKESPEAR writ;
Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
There, woo the *Muse*, and wake the moving lyre.

As fair example, like ascending morn,
The world can light at once, at once adorn;
From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
Shot brightning o'er the land, with swift encrease:

Rough

Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease,
Sense grew polite, and science sought to please.

Retir'd from yon rude *Scene* of party din,
Of open baseness, and of secret sin,
And safe embower'd in *WOBURN's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning *Muse*;
Thro every bosom tender thought infuse;
Melt angry faction into moral sense;
And to his guests a BEDFORD's soul dispense.

And now, while *Spring* extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial *Nature* breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale,
The various softness, stealing thro the heart,
Impressions, sweetly social, will impart:
When sad EUDOCIA pours her hopeless moan,
Teach us to weep the woe we have not known;
In erring PHOCYAS, whom wild passions blind,
At once to *know*, and *pity*, half mankind.

* G 2

A

* The Siege of Damascus was acted at WOBURN, by the Duke of BEDFORD, the Earl of SANDWICH, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.



A

F R A G M E N T.

FAIR morn ascends: fresh Zephyr's breath
Blows liberal o'er yon bloomy heath;
Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
Of balmy smell, of healing power,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in every gale.
Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly-pensive, *Silence* reigns:
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky;
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rowls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with *Nature* here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred **HEALTH**!

The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth;

The

The seasoning of all good below;
The sovereign friend in joy or woe,
O *Thou*, most courted, most despis'd,
And but in absence duly priz'd!
Power of the soft and rosy face!
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
The spirits when they gayest shine,
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
O *sun* of life! whose heavenly ray
Lights up, and chears, our various day,
The turbulence of hopes and fears,
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
Till *Nature*, with thy *parting* light,
Reposes late in *Death's* calm night:
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
Abodes of splendid pain, and hate;
Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
Hot *Riot* would his anguish steep,
But tosses thro the midnight shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where *Temperance*, where the *Muses* dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:

Or

226 A FRAGMENT.

Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day ;
While *Heat* sits fervent on the plain,
With *Thirst* and *Languor* in his train ;
(All nature sickening in the blaze)
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing *Coolness* has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down ;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood :
The bee in yonder flowery nook ;
The chidings of the headlong brook ;
The green leaf shivering in the gale ;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale ;

The

The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.
From thought to thought in vision led,
He holds high converse with the Dead;
Sages or Poets. See, they rise!
And shadowy skim before his eyes.
Hark! **ORPHEUS** strikes the lyre again,
That soften'd savages to men:
Lo! **SOCRATES**, the *Sent* of heaven,
To whom its *moral will* was given.
Fathers and friends of human kind!
They form'd the nations or refin'd,
With all that mends the head and heart,
Enlightening truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade;
At once the sounding breeze was laid:
And *Nature*, by the *unknown law*,
Shook deep with reverential awe.
Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
A browner night involv'd the bower:
When issuing from the inmost wood,
Appear'd fair *Freedom's Genius* good.
O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven;
Great Charter, with our being given;

For

228 A FRAGMENT.

For which the patriot, and the sage,
Have plan'd, have bled thro' every age!
High privilege of human race,
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
Who could not give, who cannot claim,
What but from God immediate came!

* * * *



A N



O D E
I N T H E

Masque of ALFRED:

Sung by a shepherdess who has lost
her lover in the wars.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest heart,
In secret mine possest.

The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape express.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the fighings of the gale,
That wakes the flowery year.

What wonder *He* could charm with ease,
Whom happy Nature taught to please,
Whom Honor made sincere.

* H

At

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed:
Tears that must ever, ever fall;
For ah! no sighs the *past* recall,
No cries awake the *dead*!



T H E

EXCURSION.

P O E M.

T W O C A N T O S.

• H 2

Contents of the EXCURSION.

Canto I.

INvocation, addressed to FANCY. Subject proposed; a short excursive survey of the EARTH and HEAVENS. The poem opens with a description of the *face of nature* in the different scenes of morning, sun-rise, noon with a thunder-storm, evening, night and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning FANCY continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the *artic continent* and the desarts of *Tartary*—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of *Europe*, suppose *Italy*. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an *Earthquake*: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—*Eruption of a burning mountain*, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

Canto II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the *solar system*, and of the *fixed stars*.

This poem was first printed in the year 1728, and is among the author's earliest performances. It has since received considerable alterations. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, is submitted entirely to the candor of the reader.



THE
EXCURSION.

CANTO I.

Companion of the muse, creative power,
IMAGINATION! at whose great command
Arise unnumber'd images of things,
Thy hourly offspring: thou, who canst at will
People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
And solitary vale, thy own domain,
Where *Contemplation* haunts; O come invok'd,
To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
O'er EARTH's extended space: and thence, on high,
Spread to superior WORLDS thy bolder flight,
Excursive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
Of vice and folly, vanity and man-----

To yon expanse of plains, where *Truth* delights,
Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
Where blameless *Virtue* walks. Now, parting Spring,

Parent

234 THE EXCURSION.

Parent of beauty and of song, has left
His mantle, flower-embroider'd, on the ground.
While *Summer* laughing comes, and bids the *Months*
Crown his prime season with their choicest stores;
Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,
Heard from the distant village in the vale,
Crows clearly out, far-sounding thro the gloom.
Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
She rules the sable hour: and calls her train
Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
The dream distressful, and th' incumbent hag,
That rise to fancy's eye in horrid forms,
While reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
From east to north in doubtful twilight seen,
A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam;
While shade and silence yet involve the ball.
Now sacred *Morn*, ascending, smiles serene
A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.

Gay

THE EXCURSION. 235

Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
For ever pleasing! lo, she onward comes,
In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
Slow-reddens into flame: the rising mists,
From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
In curling spires; and open all his woods,
High-waving in the sky: th' uncolor'd stream,
Beneath her glowing ray, transfluent shines.
Glad *Nature* feels her thro her boundless realms
Of life and sense: and calls forth all her sweets,
Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
Transpires the balm of life, that zephyre wafts,
Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,
Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his matin hymn.
While beasts of chace, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.

Invited by the cheerful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the *good Man* comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,

And

236 THE EXCURSION.

And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
With gratitude o'erflowing and with praise!

Now *Industry* is up. The village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller too pursues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. *AURORA* calls:
And all the living landschape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold:
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and color, warmth and life!
The *King* of glory! Round his head divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling flow:
As o'er the *indian* wave up-rising fair,
He looks abroad on nature, and invests,
Where'er his universal eye surveys,

THE EXCURSION. 237

Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea and sky,
In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

On this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain
Half way up heaven ambitious, pleas'd I stand,
Respiring purer air, whose gale ascends
Impregn'd with health, from herbs and flowers exhal'd.
Above, the round of ether without cloud
Swells on the eye, in living azure drest.
Beneath, the boundless scene, hill, dale, and plain;
The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
Whose shores remurmur to the sounding surge;
The nearer forest in wide circuit spread,
Solemn recess and still, whose mazy walks,
Brown with the umbrage of innumerable boughs,
Fair *Truth* and *Wisdom* love; the bordering lawn,
With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
The river's crystal; and the meadow's green—
Grateful diversity! allure the eye
Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every *Virtue*, every *Muse*
Delighted range, serene the soul and lift,
Borne on devotion's wing beyond the pole,
To highest heaven her thought; to nature's God,

238 THE EXCURSION.

First source of all things lovely, all things good,
Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
Sits sovereign *Bounty*, and thro heaven and earth,
Ceaseless diffuses plenitude of bliss.
Him all things own: he speaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at *his* call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart;
Friends of mankind, good Angels hovering near
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend,
And in still whispers, soft as zephire's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, thro her powers
Inspire new vigor, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse! superior bliss,
Which vice ne'er knew! health of th' enliven'd soul,
And heaven on earth begun! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and *steal* thro life along,
As slides the foot of *Time*, unmark'd, unknown!

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out

With

With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
 Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
 Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
 Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
 Of musing poet, and secures repose
 To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
 Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
 Sick nature pants: and from the cleaving earth
 Light vapours, undulating thro the air,
 Contagious fly, engendring dire disease,
 Red plague and fever; or, in fogs aloft
 Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' atlantic surge,
 Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
 In vapoury confluence, deepening cloud on cloud:
 Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
 As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
 Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon!
 Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by *Nature's* hand
 In homeward warnings thro each feeling nerve,
 Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.
 The *Thunder* now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
 Amid conflicting elements, where *Dread*
 And *Death* attend, the servants of his nod,

240 THE EXCURSION.

First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells;
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick-glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive; sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing; swallow'd now in tenfold night.
Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar
From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shoar resound.
Horror sits shuddering in the guilty breast,
And feels the dreadful flash before it flies:
Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view;
And all is storm within. The *Murderer*,
Roaming and restless in the deepest shade,

Hears

THE EXCURSION. 241

Hears and flies wild, pursu'd by all his fears:
And sees the bleeding *Shadow* of the *Slain*
Rise hideous, glaring on him thro the gloom!

Hark! thro th'aereal vault, the storm inflam'd
Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst:
Torn from its base, as if the general frame
Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
Is hid in smouldering fires: surpriz'd beneath,
The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
A livid corse. Yon cottage flames to heaven;
And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
The parent breathless lies; her orphan-babes
Shuddering and speechless round—O *Power* divine!
Whose will unerring points the bolt of fate!
Thy hand tho terrible, shall man decide
If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd:
At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun

Flashes

242 THE EXCURSION.

Flashes a boundless splendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray; till every flower
Lifts up its head, and nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In thankful chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours: and now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore.
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams: part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure: part below
In level lines shoot thro the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in grateful shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,

Amusive,

Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
 Of visionary beauty, antique towers
 With shadowy domes and pinacles adorn'd;
 Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
 As sportful *Fancy* lifts: till late, the sun
 From human eye behind earth's shading orb
 Total withdrawn, th' aereal landscape fades.

Distinction fails: and in the darkening west,
 The last light, quivering, dimly dies away.
 And now th' illusive *Flame*, oft seen at eve,
 Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
 Glides o'er the lawn, betokening *Night*'s approach:
 Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
 Onward she comes with silent step and flow,
 In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
 The still, the mild, the melancholy *Hour*,
 And *Meditation*, with his eye on heaven.

Musing, in sober mood, of *Time* and *Life*,
 That fly with unreturning wing away
 To that dark world, untravel'd and unknown,
 Eternity! thro' desart ways I walk;
 Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
 By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,

H&H

And

244 THE EXCURSION.

And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arrous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody steep,
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles thro the gloom.

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile,
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where *Ruin* dreary dwells,
Brooding o'er fightless sculls, and crumbling bones;
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare,
(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
Whose monumental hattery, mix'd with dust,
Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
Glimmering her western-ray thro yonder isle,
Where the sad *Spirit* walks with shadowy foot
His wounded round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail

THE EXCURSION. 245

Hail midnight-shades! hail venerable dome!
By age more venerable; sacred shore,
Beyond time's troubled sea, where never wave,
Where never wind of passion or of guilt,
Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
The calm, sound night of those who rest below.
The weary are at peace: the small and great,
Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
With all the sons of mourning, fearless now
Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
Proud greatness too, the tyranny of power;
The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
And *name* and *place*, are here,—for ever lost!

But, at near distance, on the mouldering wall
Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
And fair inscription: where with head declin'd,
And folded arms, the *Virtues* weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
THYRSIS—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of heaven
Profusely blest: all learning was his own.

246 THE EXCURSION.

Pleasing his speech, by nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor *Pity* softer, nor was *Truth* more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought,
Nor shun'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected: sympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from *Sorrow*'s clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning: and the sun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
Casts thro the air, renewing nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light *FANCY* speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with *Winter* in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial *Power*,
For ever silent, shivering, and forlorn!
From *Zembla*'s cliffs on to the straits surmiz'd

Of

THE EXCURSION. 247

Of *Anian* eastward, where both worlds oppose
Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a clearless light. Lo, hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, even here in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Thro floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful shores,
By *West* or *East*, a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the *Tartar's* cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the *Desart* lies,
Where *Desolation* keeps his empty court,
No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
In sterl hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears ! where visionary forms
 Of griesly *Spectres* from air, flood, and fire,
 Swarm : and before them speechless *Horror* stalks !
 Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
 The secret hag and sorcerer unblest
 Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
 Spoils of the violated grave : and now,
 Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,
 When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
 They to their revels fall, infernal throng !
 And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
 To the four winds of heaven with hagard gaze,
 Shot streaming from the bosom of the North,
 Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze
 To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
 Heard in low murmurs thro the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of death,
 With devious wing to fairer climes remote
 Southward I stray : where *Caucasus* in view,
 Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
 Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
 On from the *Caspian* to the *Euxine* stretch'd,
 Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.

From

THE EXCURSION. 249

From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
IMAGINATION travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering sees
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where *Europe*, *Asia*, *Afric*, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where,
To farthest point of west, *COLUMBUS* late,
Thro' untry'd oceans borne to unknown shores,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The *Muse*'s walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst
Lavish of flowers and fragrance; where soft *Spring*,
Lord of the year, indulges to each field
The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.

In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
Its round extent magnificent, and seems

The

250 THE EXCURSION.

The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
With far-seen blaze her towery structures shine,
Elaborate works of art! each opening gate
Sends forth its thousands: peace and plenty round
Environ her. In each frequented school
Learning exalts his head: and *Commerce* pours
Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
How fair and fortunate! how worthy all
Of lasting bliss secure! Yet all must fail,
O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found!

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
Arises inauspicious o'er the world.
The beamless sun looks wan; a sighing cold
Winters the shadow'd air; the birds on high,
Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand:
And now, within the bosom of the globe,
Where sulphur stor'd and nitre peaceful slept,
For ages, in their subterranean bed,
Ferments th' approaching *tempest*. Vapoury steams,
Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,
Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, dislodged bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,

THE EXCURSION. 251

Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes:
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare: while from beneath,
Deaf, distant roarings, thro the void profound,
Rueful are heard, as when *Despair* complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud *Capital*,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around;
A moment's dreadful silence! Then loud screams,
And eager supplications rend the skies.

Lo, crouds on crouds in hurry'd stream along
From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave: while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In surges, her vext surface rolls a sea.

Ruin ensues: towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,

Sounding

Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck!

Sight full of fate! up from the centre torn,
The ground yauns horrible a hundred mouths,
Flashing pale flames—down thro' the gulphs profound,
Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
Prone to th' abyss descend; and o'er their heads
Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
Return no more: part on the wafting wave,
Borne thro' the darkness of th' infernal world,
Far distant rise, emerging with the flood;
Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
A shuddering band! Distraction in each eye
Stares wildly motionless: they pant, they catch
A gulp of air, and grasp with dying aim
The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
Short interval! a moment's doubtful life.
For now, earth's solid sphere asunder rent
With final dissolution, the huge mass
Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extensive seat
Of this fair city, down her buildings sink,
Sinks the full pride which her wide walls enclos'd,
In one wild havoc crash'd, with burst beyond

Heaven's

THE EXCURSION. 253

Heaven's loudest thunder! Uproar unconceiv'd!

Image of nature's general frame destroy'd!

How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
The purposes of heaven! At once o'erthrown,
White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
O seemingly severe! promiscuous fall.

Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
The fearful providence, confus'd, subdu'd
To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges th' ALMIGHTY, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look,
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sate gaily dreft, amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract: and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or thro depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

* L

Sulphureous

154 THE EXCURSION.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dim'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing wrapt;
Now chasing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbing up the drops of falling rain.

A while the *firey Spirit* in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collision down
Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
Wide thro her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
The flames bear downward on the *central Deep*,
Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.

The

THE EXCURSION. 255

The liquid *Orb*, thro all its dark expanse,
In dire commotion boils; and bursting way
Up thro th' unsounded bottoms of the main,
Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
With raving violence. And now their shores,
Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
O'erswelling mound and cliff: now swift and strange,
With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
A naked waste of sands.—Mean time, behold !

Yon neighbouring *Mountain* rising bleak and bare,
Its double top in steril ashes hid,
But green around its base with oil and wine,
Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
Store-house of fate! from whose infernal womb,
With firey minerals and metallic ore
Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke;
Now wavering loose in air, now borne on high
A dusky column heightening to the sun!
IMAGINATION's eye looks down dismay'd
The steepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
With hourly tumult vext, but now incens'd
To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,
As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,

256 THE EXCURSION.

The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds
Thro wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard,
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud,
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest: again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight.
Still as it swells, thro all the dark extent,

With

THE EXCURSION. 257

With wonder seen ! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations ; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by th' explosive breath below,
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round, in billows broad and black,
As of a turbid ocean stir'd by winds,
A vapoury deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long : and now the beamless sun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pause ensues ;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls black and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense,
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled *City* stands ; each sadden'd face
Turn'd towards the hill of fears—And hark ! once more
The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas, or engines big with death,
That planted by the murderous hand of *War*
To shake the round of some proud capital,

At

258 THE EXCURSION.

At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Mean while, the *fluid Lake* that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes— at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer thro the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent streams,
Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest wav'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene *excursive*, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,

Fair

THE EXCURSION. 259

Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign MAKER, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole: at whose command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd.

End of the First Canto.



THE



THE
EXCURSION.

C A N T O II.

Endless the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high thro heaven display'd.
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd
Of Majesty divine: resplendent there
Ten thousand *suns* blaze forth, with each his train
Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye,
And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
And spreading her unbounded wing, the *Muse*
Ascending soars, on thro the fluid space,
The buoyant atmosphere; whose vivid breath,
Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
The realms of *Nature*, to her inmost depths
Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
From pole to pole th' aerial ocean sleeps,
One limpid vacancy: now rous'd to rage

By

THE EXCURSION. 261

By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
A path the vultur's eye hath not observ'd,
Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
Receding flies approach; its circling arch
Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
Glorious expansion! by th' ALMIGHTY spread,
Whose limits who hath seen! or who with him
Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
And visited the host of heaven around!

Gleaming a borrow'd light, from hence how small
The speck of earth! and dim air circumfus'd,
Mutable region, vext with hourly change.
But here, unruffled calm her even reign
Maintains eternal: here the lord of day,
The neighbouring sun, shines out in all his strength,
Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerous streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll thro trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I rise beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,

* M

Are

Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What *power* is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such virtue *He*, the majesty of heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into *spots*,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When **CAESAR** bled, which sadden'd all the year,
With long eclipse. *Some* at the centre rise
In shady circles, like the moon beheld
From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face

THE EXCURSION. 263

Turns thitherward opaque: a space they brood
In congregated clouds; then breaking float
To all sides round. Dilated *some* and dense,
Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
Spread from the confines of the light along,
Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the time,
That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

¶ Fairest of beings! first-created Light!
Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
From thy unfailing source of splendor draw!
In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
Their magnitudes, and motions: those how vast!
How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
Unerring, undisturb'd; the sun's bright train,
Progressive thro the sky's light fluent borne
Around their centre. *Mercury* the first,
Near-bordering on the *day*, with speedy wheel

264 THE EXCURSION.

Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
With *sevenfold* splendor, all his azure road.

Next *Venus* to the westward of the sun,
Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,
Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The *seat of man*, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise; as thro the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path, oblique *she* winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the *Moon*,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of *Mars*, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of *Jove*,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun.
About him round, four *planetary moons*,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These in th' horizon, flow-ascending, climb

The

THE EXCURSION. 265

The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of *Jove*, outstretch'd in length,
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Thro many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the *Sage*, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,
By this observ'd, the rapid progress finds
Of light itself: how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the sun's height thro unbounded space,
At once enlightning air, and earth, and heaven.

Last, outmost *Saturn* walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds; with his pale *moons*,
Faint-glimmering thro the gloom which night has
thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn:
An endless desart, where extreme of cold
Eternal fits, as in his native seat,
On wintry hills of never-thawing ice!
Such *Saturn's* earth; and yet even here the sight,

Amid

Amid these doleful scenes, new matter finds
 Of wonder and delight! a mighty *ring*,
 On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
 Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
 Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
 Climbs slowly to its height: and at th' approach
 Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
 Draws westward off; till thro the lucid round,
 In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance! by th' ALMIGHTY's hand
 Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
 Great, universal Ruler! earth and heaven
 Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy *will*,
 Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
 That lifts the soul to thee! a holy joy,
 By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd
 Beyond all height—for Thou art infinite!
 Thy virtual energy the frame of things
 Pervading actuates: as at first thy hand
 Diffus'd thro endless space this limpid sky,
 Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
 Sail undisturb'd, a *rounding* voyage each;
 Observant all of one unchanging *law*.

Simplicity

Simplicity divine! by this sole *rule*,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Descending toward the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Thro universal nature, first was known
To thee, great NEWTON! *Britain's* justest pride,
The boast of human race, whose towering *thought*,
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A *pure Intelligence* he wings his way
Thro wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
(For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Thro those eternal climes) the frame of things,

In

In its ideal harmony, to ~~him~~ ^{the} ~~whole~~ ^{whole} ~~visible~~ ^{visible} ~~world~~ ^{world} ~~universe~~ ^{universe}
Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal wing ~~evolve~~ ^{evolve} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven, ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Unfathomable, endless of extent! ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Where unknown *suns* to unknown *systems* rise, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Whose numbers who shall tell? stupendous host!
In flaming millions thro the vacant hung, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought! ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Awful their order; each the central fire ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Solemn and silent, thro the pathless void, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Nor change, nor error knows. But who, their ways,
By *Reason*, bold adventurer, unexplor'd, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Instructed can declare! What search shall find ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Their times and seasons! their appointed laws, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Peculiar! their inhabitants of life, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
And of intelligence, from scale to scale ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree; ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Numberless orders, each resembling each, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Yet all diverse!—Tremendous depth and height ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves, ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~it~~ ^{it}
An infinite of wonders!—Thou, supreme,

First,

THE EXCURSION. 269

First, Independant CAUSE, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human kind! the muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,
She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
In its dread operations. Where is now
The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
Affyrian, Roman? or of later name,
Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
Beyond the wide *atlantic*, late disclos'd?
Where is their place?— Let proud *Ambition* pause,
And sicken at the vanity that prompts
His little deeds.— With earth, those nearer orbs,
Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
And each a world, are now for sight too small;
Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
A glimmering star amid the train of night!
While in these deep abysses of the sky,
Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious *shine*;
Arcturus here, and here the *Pleiades*,
Amid the northern host: nor with less state,

* N

At

270 THE EXCURSION.

At sumless distance, huge *Orion's* orbs,
Each in his sphere resplendent, and the noon
Of *Syrius*, burning thro the south of heaven.

Myriads beyond with blended rays inflame
The *Milky Way*, whose stream of vivid light,
Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
Distinguish'd tract! But as with upward flight,
Soaring I gain th' immensurable steep,
Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Thro these wide fields, all broaden into *suns*,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulps of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward thro the universal sphere
Already past; now up to heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameless worlds afar,

Yet

THE EXCURSION. 271

Yet undiscover'd: there a *dying sun*,
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapoury mists,
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, spreading flow,
And deepning shade on shade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itself,
Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
So this cerulean round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, shall fade; and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods: where the train
Of *comets* wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, thro th' immense
Of ether, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions, in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails!
Various their paths; without resistance all
Thro these free spaces borne: of various face;

272 THE EXCURSION.

Enkindled *this* with beams of angry light,
Shot bristling from its orb in cirly showers :
That, thro the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid train, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen-vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating plague,
Each on his pale horse rides; the ministers
Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds !

But lo! where *one*, from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare thro yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
By some *hid Power* attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep-descending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb: and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive thro the gloom, and spreads
In orient streams to his fair train afar

Of

Of moving fires, from night's dominion won,
And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.

In *still* amazement lost, th' awaken'd *Mind*
Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd
With all his worlds! while thus at large *her* flight
Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
Far thro' ethereal ground, the boundless walk
Of *Spirits*, daily travellers from heaven ;
Who pass the *mystic gulph* to journey here,
Searching th' ALMIGHTY MAKER in his works
From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures! cloath'd with brightness round,
Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
Their will unerring ; their affections pure,
And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
Whose object God alone : for all things else,
Created beauty, and created good,
Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
Enlarr'd to draw truth's endless prospect in,
Ineffable, eternity and time ;

The

274 THE EXCURSION.

The train of beings, all by gradual scale
Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
Th' unsounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd
In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear thro the nations, pestilence and war:
His copious goodness some, life, light and bliss,
To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign, nor th' illustrious great
Alone their care. To every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these *blest Minds* embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by fortune, and with hate pursu'd,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,

At

At morn or eve, when nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sun-born vanities, and low pursuits,
That busy human-kind ; to view their ways
With pity ; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardor, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns
With all their worlds : and still from height to height,
By things created rising, last ascend
To that FIRST CAUSE, who made, who governs all,
Fountain of being, self-existent power,
All-wife, all-good, who from eternal age
Endures, and fills th' immensity of space ;
That infinite *Diffusion*, where the mind
Conceives no limits ; undistinguish'd void,
Invariable, where no land-marks are,
No paths to guide imagination's flight.

THE END.





ADVERTISÉMENT.

EURYDICE, a Tragedy, } Both written by
MUSTAPHA, a Tragedy, } Mr. MALLET;
Printed and paged regularly before these Poems,
so as to make this Volume compleat:

WITH

ALFRED, a Masque, written by Mr. THOMSON
and Mr. MALLET; which compleats all Mr.
MALLET'S Works in Poetry.

Printed for A. MILLAR,

Of whom may be had, Written by the same Author;
The LIFE of FRANCIS BACON, Lord
Chancellor of England.

22/105
ANS THE

